

A PLEA *for the*
YOUNGER GENERATION
Cosmo Hamilton

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A PLEA FOR THE
YOUNGER GENERATION

COSMO HAMILTON

BY COSMO HAMILTON

THE BLINDNESS
OF
VIRTUE

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

"A plea to mothers to tell their daughters frankly all the laws of nature before they arrive at years of possible indiscretion through ignorance. Its characters are uncommonly well drawn and might have stepped out of life."—*Acton Davies, in the New York Evening Sun.*

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GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
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A PLEA FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

AN INTIMATE TALK ON THE VITAL QUESTION
OF TELLING THE TRUTH TO CHILDREN
FROM AN ALTOGETHER HUMAN AND
UTTERLY UNSCIENTIFIC
POINT OF VIEW

By

COSMO HAMILTON

Author of "The Blindness of Virtue," etc.

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FOREWORD

ONE beautiful summer night a few years ago a man who wrote books rose from his solitary desk, stretched himself, heaved a sigh of content because his chapter had moved well, laid down his well-smoked pipe, and went to the open window of his work-room. A young, slim moon hung shyly to the cloudless sky. The small white faces of tobacco plants whose eyes are closed in daylight gleamed everywhere and the scent of honeysuckle lay sweetly on the moveless air. God was in His Heaven and the beauty of His earth was almost incredible.

All was well. Peace, content, and the spirit of work that is religion were in the house. Unborn To-morrow seemed to hold nothing but promise, Dead Yesterday nothing more of regret than is in the heart of every man.

Upstairs in the old, warm, Queen Anne house, a boy was sleeping dreaming of Oxford, the city of spires, that was soon to be the scene

of his ambitions, and another boy had gone to his studio in London, eager to measure himself against those older men who had built themselves a name. Both were brothers of the writer, himself young and eager and full of dreams, but who stood in loco parentis to those two promising lads who had been left fatherless. It was the ambition of this man's life to give these boys the chances and the advice which would have been theirs had their father lived, for he was imbued with a sense of gratitude.

He laid an affectionate hand upon his dog's expectant head, blew out the candles, fastened up for the night and went to bed, thanking God for all His mercy, for youth and eagerness and dreams, and above all for his ability to send one brother to Oxford and the other to his art school. There did not seem to be even a little cloud out of the sea upon the horizon of either of them. The one was honest, healthy, fearless, and hardworking, the other high-strung, temperamental and alight with the fire of genius but just as honest and apparently as healthy.

In the middle of the night the writer awoke

with a start. Gravel was being thrown at his bedroom window. He got up and looked out. The night was as beautiful as ever, but on the pathway beneath the old stone steps of the house stood a group of policemen, whose bicycle lamps gleamed like large insistent eyes.

"What is it?"

"A telegram, sir. We couldn't make anybody hear the bell, sir, so were obliged to throw gravel at your window."

"But the morning would have been time enough for the telegram."

"We think not, sir. Please come down."

Irritably and certainly with no sense of impending evil,—was not all well with the world?—the writer made his way down the wide old staircase and across the hall. He opened the door and took the open telegram from the hand of a strangely grave and burly sergeant of police.

And this is how it read:

"Please inform Mr. ——— at once that his brother has been found in a railway carriage at Paddington station with a bullet through his heart."

A PLEA FOR THE
YOUNGER GENERATION

I

THIS is an excerpt from an important medical magazine published in Boston which reported the joint meeting of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis with the New York Association of Biology Teachers which was held at the New York Academy of Medicine on October 24th, 1912.

“Mr. Cosmo Hamilton then made a strong plea for Conservatism; he feared that the schools were taking too much of the responsibility which should be impressed instead upon the home and mother. For the first time in the entire session Mr. Hamilton brought the name of God into the discussion and a genuinely fervent appeal was made for strong religious instruction—not only ethical and moral but religious. Mr. Hamilton, perhaps being English, did not realize that religion and God are no longer strictly pedagogical and that both there-

fore have long since been ruled out of our American pedagogical institutions.

"The audience showed its approval of these old-fashioned notions of God and duty by its hearty applause as it closed with these words:

— " 'In the discussion to-night no mention has been made of the religious aspect of parenthood. You can continue to turn out a generation of book-stuffed, mechanical, unimaginative, uninspired boys and girls, but if you do not instil into their young and receptive minds the great ideal of the Creator, the Father of all men and women, I think the teaching of sex hygiene loses not only much of its beauty and force but a great deal of its usefulness. I believe in human nature. I believe that if we appeal to all that is best and idyllic in the youthful mind, if we stir the imagination that is so lively in the mental and moral make-up of every young thing, give them faith in God and themselves and prove to them that to-morrow and the day after are theirs to make or break, there is no need for the barn-yard methods of advanced eugenism.' "

So, then, these "are old-fashioned notions of

God and duty," are they? And being English I do not realize that God and religion are no longer "strictly pedagogical" and that both therefore have long since been ruled out of your American pedagogical institutions. Among those to whom I had the temerity to address these old-fashioned remarks and at whose feet I apparently threw a bomb-shell by begging that God should be put back into the hearts of the children, were many distinguished professors, principals of schools, presidents of culture societies and doctors whose names are almost household words in this country. All of them are very much alive to the horrors of venereal diseases, are well aware of the fact that American high schools are hot beds of immorality and are at work eagerly and earnestly to educate the youthful mind in matters dealing with the fundamental facts of sex. They recognize fully that ignorance does not spell innocence, that the terrible increase of that appalling disease which ruins men, kills women and lays its hand upon the younger generation can only be arrested by instilling into the minds of boys and girls at an early age the absolute necessity

of a sense of responsibility, a deep feeling of the duty which they must owe to themselves and to their country and that the unflinching control of mind and body does not make for sterility as used to be supposed, but for a future race that shall be clean and fit.

Not only do they realize all this but they have put into almost general practice in the public schools certain schemes for the teaching of sex hygiene, and there are few subjects which are exercising their anxious consideration more earnestly than that of instilling into the youthful mind a knowledge of sex questions. With the manner in which they are doing this I totally disagree.

I think that these professors and scientists are wasting their time and I have written this small volume not only in order to make a plea for the younger generation as to the way in which they shall be taught sex truths, but also in order, if possible, to prove to the advanced thinkers of the day that it is not old-fashioned to beg that God may be put back into the lives of His children but a thing of urgent and vital importance. Without faith the new

generation is like a city built on sand. Without the discipline and the inspiration of God the young boys and girls who will all too soon be standing in our shoes will go through life with hungry souls, with nothing to live up to, and very little to live for.

I beseech these distinguished professors and scientists and teachers to reconstruct their schemes, reconsider their curricula and become old-fashioned enough to permit their charges to have the benefit of that divine inspiration which made it possible for their forefathers to build up this great country, to give these young things the privilege of that ineradicable belief which alone can carry humanity safely through all the tribulations and sufferings of every day life, to let them start out in the race and struggle with the gift of prayer in their hearts, with the sweetness and charity and self-help and hopefulness which can only be kept alive with the knowledge that the dead do not die, that beyond the horizon there wait the spirits of the mothers and fathers and wives and sweet-hearts and brothers and sisters whom they loved and missed; and that above all, and with

all, there is *still* the God who loved and inspired those old-fashioned people but for whose work and labor and faith the very streets in which they walk, the very railways in which they travel, the very books to which they turn, would never have been.

Put God back into your schools I beseech you, you scientists and teachers and professors, and when you teach boys and girls the facts you hide behind the high-sounding names Sex Hygiene and Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis begin with the story of the Christ Baby and end with the description of the weeping mother at the foot of the Cross. Don't teach sex hygiene by drawing analogies between human nature and that of animals and thus send boys and girls loose upon the world to imitate the animals if they choose. Let them start with the wonderful and beautiful fact that their gifts of life-bearing and life-giving are divine gifts. Touch their imaginations, feed their hunger for idealism: in a word treat them as children and not as machines, as human beings so young that their minds are sick for the company of the fairies, for the beauty of simple poetry, for the

story of Christ's chivalry and unselfishness, pity and love. Let them have faith. Let them believe in being normal, responsible, honest, clean, because there is some other person to whom to answer than the teacher and the policeman. Give God back to the younger generation.

II

WITH those careless and callous men and women of to-day who relegate their children to servants it is impossible to deal. Nemesis, as the Titanic proved plainly enough, is very much alive. It is for him to lay his heavy, cruel and terribly just hand on these people. He will do so, never fear. It is for the younger generation, the boys and girls who are to stand in our empty shoes, either to call a halt to the demon of degeneracy and bring back honesty and cleanliness and the sense of gratitude, dignity, justice, political decency, and faith into To-morrow or go one better than ourselves and hurry civilization into the heart of the Sodom and Gomorrah at whose very gates we have laughingly arrived.

I do not ask for the attention of men and women of the world. Nothing will give it to me. I do not ask for the attention of clergymen and doctors and scientists and teachers,

I demand it. Under existing conditions the health, usefulness and faith of the younger generation are almost wholly in the hands of these men. Parents have for the most part handed over their natural duties to them and upon them lies the heavy responsibility of forming posterity.

How are they fulfilling their obligations? When the history of these times comes to be written what will be the verdict as to their work? Will the future historian be able to place a triumphant finger on one single man among all these clever men who has had the infinite courage and wisdom to jeopardize a successful career by dealing intelligently and humanely with the problems of the younger generation? No.

In England churches are empty. Clergymen are now regarded by the vast majority as being merely the relics of an effete Institution. Public Schools and Universities are hot-beds of vice and degeneracy and there is no doctor in the land brave enough to rise up and call upon Parliament and the people to clean these Augean stables. In England the Public Prosecutor is

nothing more than a figure head. He is well aware that the physique of the country is being undermined by degenerates, that Public School masters and Presidents of Colleges, doctors, teachers and clergymen refuse to face the facts that are more and more generally obvious, but he sits complacently in his well-paid chair and does nothing. He is afraid of stirring up the filthy stagnant pond of British school, university and society life the reek of which would permeate the furthest corners of the earth. He dreads the appalling scandal and pursues the wretched policy of least resistance.

All that the scientist does is to agree, grudgingly, that the future generation cannot be so physically and mentally fit as were their grand and great grandfathers and shake his head over the statistics as to the spread of that ravaging disease which marches in step with the white slave traffic and is the natural result of the lack of early instruction in sex hygiene in schools and colleges, but when it comes to an argument as to the abominable increase of degenerate men and women he falls back on speciousness and talks glibly about homogeneity and uranian

tendencies with which he has a sort of sympathy.

Then we come eagerly to that small band of much more enlightened people who do face facts and who look into the future with fear and who call themselves Eugenists.

It would be ungrateful to hold these worthy people up to anything approaching ridicule, consisting, as they do, of some of the most enlightened doctors, professors and teachers of the day in England and America.

In England the fear of the future has thrown them into such a panic that they have made eugenism a thing which causes Quiller-Couch and other masters of common sense to break forth into repeated outbursts of rage. And who can wonder? Having nothing but the sense of hideous disgust and nausea for the men and women among whom they stand—the men who make the White Slave Traffic an apparent necessity, and the women to whom children come merely by accident,—these advanced eugenists are not going to permit Nature any longer to be. They are all for reconstructing the human being. If Nature has become

so bestial then Nature must be altered. They advocate segregation examination before marriage, and the total elimination of love from everyday life. If they had their way they would immediately pounce upon the unfit at the hour of birth and usurp the power of God. In their endeavor to root out the most terrible of all diseases they would place their sufferers upon a sort of leper's island or send them in battalions into a lethal chamber.

And then coming to the younger generation with a sort of itch for scientific experiment strong upon them they would endeavor to remold, recast and reanimate the boys and girls who are eventually to be the citizens of the world so that they should go through life as mechanically and correctly as that intricate cash register which is to be seen in all great stores. What comment can any man make when he sees intelligent people devoting their energies to the paradoxical work of emptying out the sea with a fish-slice?

Here in America there are a good many more equally distinguished doctors and profes-

sors and brave, hard-working women who do, and leave discussion to theorists, who are spending much of their scarce leisure and an immense amount of their sympathy upon this question of sex hygiene, as it is called. They have their Societies of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis and their Federations of Sex-Hygiene and Social Diseases. They realize that ignorance among the young is no virtue and that the chances for the younger generation are very poor,—are, indeed, almost unbelievably tragic if some steps are not taken in schools and colleges to show them fundamental truths and put them honestly and fearlessly on the road to citizenship.

Unlike English eugenists the members of these American societies have not lost their heads. With the utmost diligence and care and earnestness they hold frequent meetings, listen to long and intricate reports, elaborate further deliberately confusing systems of teaching a fact whereby that fact can never be made clear. If only someone with the simple grandeur of John Bright could walk one day into America and show these earnest doctors and professors

the childish foolishness of systematized teaching.

Listen to the title: "Moral and Social Prophylaxis"! And there you have the whole thing in a phrase—moral and social prophylaxis. Why can't these earnest people call themselves Members of the Society for telling the Truth to Children? I am quite sure that if they could only invest themselves with simplicity they would see the folly at once of hiding themselves and their good work behind high hedges of superfluous bosh. Their teachings are as round-about as their titles and, so far as the children themselves are concerned, as hopelessly misleading. Conceive the folly, to use no stronger word, of setting out to tell children that they have it in their power to become the fathers and mothers of a future race and of doing so by showing them by the aid of diagrams and a thousand long and Gilbertian phrases that they are merely imitating fish and animals.

It would be far better if the instruction on this vital question were left to some young girl who writes little stories which make an instant appeal to the child mind by their idealism, hu-

manity and directness. Why is it, one asks oneself, that the doctor and the professor and the teacher and the scientist and the social worker, and all the other highly intelligent people, are temperamentally so unfitted to be let loose among children?

Here we have English advanced eugenisists shocked into a panic by the degeneracy of the world in which they live,—putting forward seriously drastic plans for the revision of human nature, plans so utterly impossible, unpractical and unimaginative that they are enough to make the mere ordinary man burst either into tears or derisive laughter. And here we have in America a splendid body of earnest men and women daily elaborating new schemes for the misteaching of the younger generation on the question of sex truths.

The truth of it all is that there is too much science and too much system. These twin gods of the twentieth century, both made of imitation marble, both filled with the minute machinery of a twelve-day clock, both as hard as iron, have taken the place in our schools and colleges of that God who alone makes it

possible for the twentieth century to be and for the ever-recurring army of little people to come crowding up to the gates and to peer between the bars of them into the day after to-morrow.

I do not venture to say humbly and with deference that the only way to teach sex hygiene to boys and girls is to do so with the inspiration of God behind the teaching. I assert it, un-
humbly and without any deference whatever. Let these moral and social prophylaxis people dismount from their scientific stilts and go back to the ways and methods of the perhaps ignorant but very human teacher of the much abused early Victorian times. It is an odd thing that one seems to have heard very little of degeneracy and the soul and body destroying disease which is running like a prairie fire through the present century in the history of those times. If these moral and social prophylaxis people would only have the courage and the sense to rid themselves of the bastard Latin terms of a so-called science and go forth and acquire ten pennyworth of "old-fashioned" faith they would not be wasting their time in

the teaching of sex hygiene as they most distinctly are.

I go further. I say that they are not only wasting time but doing far more harm than good. Just consider the thing for a moment. You are a child, a boy. You have it drummed into you day after day that you are eventually going to perform the animal functions of a fish in order that you may have children,—although you only gather that part of it vaguely. As you grow up into a sturdy youth, always supposing that you have not acquired one of the vile habits of which no mention or warning has been made, you come daily into closer and closer contact with those girls of your set whose minds have been tantalized and made curious by similar half-hearted and wrongful teaching. You and they have been told, it has been dinned into you, that you are no better, although no worse, than the animals. Why, therefore, maintain any sort of attitude of self-restraint? The animals are wholly promiscuous and you are an animal.

And yet it only wants one small old-fashioned man of no scientific attainment, no brilliant college career, no title of doctor or professor,

to go amongst the younger generation and set a light to an idealism which would alter the whole face of things. What would he do, this little simple person, whose attainments would be so infinitely greater than those of all his cultured brothers because he had faith in his heart? He would tell these boys and girls without shame and self-consciousness, false modesty, egregious prudery or any of the ambushes erected by scientists between the truth and its explanations, that they were endowed with the divine gift of life-giving, with God's miracle of creation; that they held in trust for a future generation their bodies and souls. He would tell them the most inspiring truth of all, that they had been part of their mother for so many months and that she, by God's grace, had done what they in their turn, if girls, would be privileged to do. He would show them not only the necessity but the striking duty which lay in front of them, of regarding themselves as creatures with something of the divine in them, of going out into life like men placed upon their honor, to be clean and pure, of treating every other man's sister as they would have

every other man treat their sister, and of looking into the future with a sense of patriotism which would make it impossible for them to prostitute themselves.

There is just one way, and only one, of getting the best out of boys and girls. Trust them. There is one way, and only one way, of setting young men and young women with erect head upon the difficult road of life. Give them faith.

Oh, you teachers and professors and doctors and scientists, don't be so infinitely superior, so self-consciously clever, so ultra-modern. Give God credit for knowing something, even in the twentieth century, and there will be some chance for your work and for you and for the younger generation.

III

THIS is a true story. It deserves to be set down for two reasons. First, to prove what may be done by a direct and fearless appeal to youthful imagination; and second, in order to act as a shock to all those curious mothers who are ashamed of motherhood.

There were two people who had been married something like fifteen years. The man was a good fellow with a stake in his country and a keen sense of responsibility, and every moment of his time was well occupied. His wife was a beautiful woman, keenly sympathetic with many of the social movements and who in her leisure time worked in hospitals and in the clubs for those poor factory girls who made some sort of struggle for life in the manufacturing town within a few miles of the house. These people had three children, two boys and a girl. It is hardly necessary to say that they were not relegated to servants so that their

parents might follow their inclinations unhampered.

Seven years after the birth of the youngest of these children, another boy was born. He grew into a strikingly beautiful and uncommonly fine child, physically perfect. He was, however, mentally a puzzle to his parents and every one about him. As soon as he could walk and talk he developed a gift for mischief that was Machiavellian. He set the servants at loggerheads, his elder brothers and sister in a state of chaos and his father and mother finally to consult a brain specialist. He was examined and found in a perfectly healthy condition.

It would, however, be impossible to give a list of the incredible deeds performed by this erratic creature between the ages of three and eight. He was like a wild colt. His greatest delight lay in smashing things. His intensest pleasure seemed to be to make people ridiculous,—his father and mother, brothers and sister, governess, servants, people in the neighborhood, anyone, everyone. He was a hooligan, a bronco-buster, an undergraduate under the influence of old brandy, was the terror and

the amazement of everyone who knew him. He enjoyed punishment, revelled in danger and paid no more attention to the pleadings of his parents than to the threats of the groom.

Every method of control failed utterly. Kindness was as futile as punishment and there did not seem to be any appeal strong enough to touch him. He learnt nothing except everything that he ought not to have learnt, and finally became a source of the most poignant misery and fright to his mother. People said that he was mad, that one day he would develop into a dangerous criminal. But again at eight years of age the brain specialist could find nothing wrong, nothing unhealthy. All he could say was that he had an exuberant love of life, a genius for mischief, an irresponsibility without precedent and a remarkable inability to take anything seriously.

What was to be done with this enfant terrible? Birching was suggested, isolation put forward. But these things and many others seemed impossible.

Then there came an afternoon when the mother was returning from a drive. She heard

loud shouting under the house and a faint, thin, boyish laugh. Instinctively she knew that the boy was at mischief again. She hurried from the carriage, looked up and saw the small, well put together figure of the curly-headed young rogue balanced like Apollo on the top of the highest chimney in the house. A second of giddiness and it was death. She did nothing. There was nothing to do. No pleadings, no orders would make any difference. She went up to her room and waited with all her nerves at breaking point for the news of what seemed to be the inevitable accident.

But the boy's life was charmed. He escaped again. She heard him tearing down the passage in which was her room. A sudden inspiration seized her and she went to the door, arrested the flying figure and brought him into her room. Without shame or self-consciousness or false modesty, but very quietly, in the simplest way, she told this boy why, for a time at any rate, he should show her some consideration, why she ought not to be worried or disturbed. She told him that she was then and must go on carrying within her

body another child just as she had carried him and his brothers and sister. She showed him how essential it was that all those who loved her should combine to make it as easy as possible for her to bear. She told him precisely in what a marvelous and extraordinary way the little thing shaped itself, fed by her, until the hour should come when it would open its eyes in the world. She touched the whole thing, nothing of which she hid or withheld, with the poetry of motherhood, lit it up with the simple story of the Baby Christ, and from that moment there was no person in that house more anxious, more considerate, more tender, more imbued with the feeling of responsibility towards the woman who could perform this wonderful thing than that young Machiavellian harum-scarum boy. The whole of life took on a new aspect. The meaning of things became clear and his mother an angel.

The boy's imagination had been appealed to and he had been won.

IV

AND now let me put before you two other true cases which, although they deal with the children of one set, can be found in every other. First that of a boy, an American boy, who was the son of a very successful and hard-working business man and of a very pretty woman whose ancestors had been Irish. The father had begun at the bottom of the ladder and had forced his way to the top rung by rung by a dogged application and an infinite capacity for taking pains. Born in a small provincial city of America he went to work with a bare smattering of education when he was sixteen. His God was Mammon and his one ambition a large and important office in New York City and a house in Fifth Avenue. A strong, one-eyed, receptive person, his University was the street. He had a gift for the manipulation of money which proved itself first by his small barterings with his school friends. He passed

from office to office picking people's brains, alive to new methods, making himself an expert in one thing until he found himself in the "trade's contentious hell" of Wall Street.

Here he worked with a well-known firm of brokers until he himself was able to buy a seat in the Exchange. In the meantime he had married a pretty girl whose dark eyes and bright face had charmed him in his provincial town. Before marrying he had found his amusements as other men find them, not wholly unscathed. He had a child, a boy, before his wife had had time to become permeated with the selfishness and the unmoral irresponsibility of the women among whom she mixed in New York. Before this child was three years old the indefatigability of the father had won for him considerable money.

The wife caught her husband's ambition. She was young and good looking and full of the joy of life. Everywhere there were other women equally uncultured, many of them not so attractive, who lived in very smart apartments in fashionable neighborhoods, who drove elaborate motor cars, gave dinner parties at

dernier cri restaurants, who left their husbands in the Winter to spend a month or two at Palm Beach and who ran over to Europe alone in Summer, leaving their children, if they had been unfashionable enough to have them, to the tender mercies of servants.

The imitative faculty was as strong in this woman as in this man, and his increasing popularity saw her every day more socially ambitious. She spent his money royally on clothes, jewelry, motor cars and vulgar display, and being left alone from breakfast time till dinner, she once more imitated her now numerous friends by the adoption of a platonic lover.

Upstairs in the smart house with its wrought iron and stucco a little boy of three years old watered the head of his beloved Teddy Bear with desolate, mother-sick tears. This was the son who bore a name that his father was daily making more and more powerful and important and whom sooner or later his father would require to take over the reins. If his mother ran in to him for ten minutes in the morning it would only be just before he was to be put to sleep after his morning outing. She was so tired

after dinner and opera and supper and Turkey Trot party. When you get to bed at five you cannot, unless you are super-human, be up and about again before midday. If she ran in to the nursery to take a peep at the boy before rushing off somewhere to dine it could only be for a moment or two and then she must be very careful that the chubby, eager baby hands did not disarrange her carefully manipulated hair. "How's your boy, dear?" people used to ask. "Fine," she would reply. "He's a darling and I'm crazy about him. It is so good to know that he's in the hands of such an admirable nurse."

An admirable nurse? The woman came from the family of a professional pugilist. Her mother had been a woman of easy virtue. Her brothers picked up a sort of living in the shady corners of the city. She herself was admirable only in that she refused to bring home money to her vile father by prostituting herself. But it was from her lips that this little, lonely, large-eyed boy heard foul and coarse words daily, and as he became more experimental and adventurous and restless heard the name of God

only as an oath and grew to believe that the devil was rather a comic person, like the highly colored monsters in his picture books, who came out of the large cupboard to make hideous faces at little children when they wouldn't go to sleep.

He gradually began to realize that he need not obey orders unless he was bribed. He began to look on other children in the park with a touch of superciliousness because his nurse told him that their mothers and fathers were not as rich as his own. Money, money, was the word with which the nursery rang. Money and blasphemy and the day was full of cunning dodges employed by the nurse to snatch an hour or two from her work. There was no one in that child's life who cared to bring into it any of the things for which all little brains hunger.

He had no companions, no competitors, no confidants. His toys were mechanical and expensive. He had never heard of Peter Pan. He had never been told that there were fairies. His nursery had never become the scene of strange and wild adventure, sometimes so thick with great forest trees that you couldn't see

the sky, sometimes a great waste of waters over which a big bird would fly bringing good news from a friend. There were no Indians there, no toadstools and never a big bear who would come growling from under the table and as soon as he was friendly give long rides to all and sundry over rock and dale.

And who was downstairs, in that wonderful region downstairs, from which the sound of music often came, talk and laughter? Father and mother. "Look out, there's your father!" and then when he came into the room as he sometimes did, the broken mechanical toy had to be thrust under the sofa. "Don't peep over the banisters! Mother's with her friend." And the suppressed snigger would leave an odd impression behind. Why shouldn't mother be looked at when she was with her friend? What a curious place the world was and who were all the people in the streets and were all little children living with a nurse all alone high up in their houses?

And then came the age of questions and the long series of whys, and to this growing boy's natural queries as to how he came and from

where there was either the irritable "Oh be quiet and go and play. You mustn't ask those things," or else if another servant were present, perhaps a man servant, a scream of laughter and "Isn't he the limit? A stork brought you, sonny. Storks always bring babies."

And on and on it went. Eventually, there was the governess unqualified to teach, paid badly and only anxious not to give too much for her money. But the nurse remained the mother because the mother was busy, or at Palm Beach or in London or Paris. And the father,—what was a father? An irritable, tired man who, now that the boy had invaded the wonderful territory below the nursery, said, "Don't do that!" It was very curious. He seemed to be able to say other things to other people and even to be able to laugh and look pleased, but to the boy he was just, "Don't do that."

Being a boy he did do that, and did it as often as he could and then employed the cunning dodges of his nurse to prove that he didn't, or lied and put the blame elsewhere.

He no longer walked out with the governess

or the nurse. He was driven forth in the motor car and made the acquaintance of the most wonderful man, the most unbelievable man, that surely the world contained,—the chauffeur.

Here was a friend if you like. Here was a man who knew everything, who was kind and daring and always ready to impart his knowledge of life to the inquisitive boy whose hero worship pleased his vanity. And how amused he was when his master's son, sitting at his side, shot out the oaths and the filthy terms the meaning of which he did not know. He much preferred the chauffeur to his father. It was so gorgeous to have a friend. And who could tear little slits in the veil that hung between the boy and Things better than this street philosopher? It was from him that the boy began to find out that his nurse and his governess and even his mother were liars. Babies were not brought by storks. They were not eaten by giants and pinched by the comic devil. Life was something which could be bought. Money acquired everything. Money was the only thing that counted. The chauffeur painted many highly colored pictures of the good time this boy would

have in the future with nothing to do but enjoy himself.

"Nothing to do but enjoy himself." Who can wonder that this magic sentence danced in the starved brain of this only, lonely child? Who can wonder that notwithstanding the fact that he lived in a fashionable neighborhood, drove in one of the largest and most noticeable cars in the city and bore a name which was almost daily in the financial as well as social columns of the newspapers, this boy grew up with the mind and the thoughts and the manners of a nurse and a chauffeur,—a nurse who came from the slums and a chauffeur who found his only relaxation in Tenderloin saloons.

And who can wonder that this unfortunate little lad took with him to his boy's college, to which he was sent at the earliest possible age, a sort of infection, a bad influence and a rabid curiosity for anything that was unspeakable? Away from the occasional presence of his ever "don'ting" father and the brief in-rushes of his mother whose face was painted, this lad found himself comparatively his own master. For he was well qualified to dodge

authority, lie himself out of scrapes and indulge in a vastly superior knowledge of the underside of things.

Not one of the masters in this college considered it to be his duty or his privilege to reshape this boy's character or say a single word to him outside the class as to his habits, method of speech or mental outlook. Not one of the masters was human or charitable or kindly enough to give this boy a warm hand, instil into his young mind something of ambition, to speak to him in a fatherly manner of God and duty and those old-fashioned things. Nor was there a single word of cleanliness or a single warning of the effects of uncleanness ever spoken by them.

Instinctively this boy marked time through his college years, leaving behind him a poisonous trail, always metaphorically with an eye to the keyhole of the blue room, always eager to pick up information about those things which should never have been allowed to enter into his thoughts. When finally, having listened with a knowing grin to the innuendoes passed across his father's dining-table, he went up to a univer-

sity for no other reason than that he was a nuisance at home, he took with him a larger collection of disgusting photographs, a mind more deeply steeped in garbage than had ever been there before. With a pocket always full of money it was easy for this young man to begin already to put in that good time of which the chauffeur spoke. It would have been almost absurd had he passed through a university career with any credit to himself, to his Alma Mater or to his father and mother, and a miracle had he escaped from catching one of the diseases which follow upon the heels of promiscuous self-indulgence.

He chose his friends from the fighting ring and the chorus and was there a single man at the university who considered it necessary to step outside his prescribed duties, link arms with this very ordinary young man who might at any moment have it in his power to bring into the world a child who will be numbered among *Les Avariés* and call him back to some sort of decency? Not one. These things are not done at Universities. It is interference. It is not pedagogical.

And then came New York and a sort of manhood and a prematurely old father steeped in responsibilities, now alive to the fact that here was a son who must one day take over the reins. What could this man say in justice when he found himself face to face with a stranger,—a cynical, spendthrift, indolent, cunning, lying, unhealthy stranger who absolutely refused to subject himself to a business life, who considered that he had the right to begin where his father left off and to squander the money that had been made by long years of strenuous work? What could this man say with justice when he discovered that his son and heir was under treatment for that appalling disease that is even more terrible than leprosy? Not one word.

And what had this mother to say, this neglectful, self-indulgent woman whose motherhood had been a sham. . . .

V

SO much for the one.

The other was born under a lucky star, the luckiest of all stars, for his father was a poet and his mother a Madonna and he was born to them when they were young and in love and full of illusions and of hope that God might bless their union with children.

The man was a gentleman and had nothing but that and a good education to bless himself with, except something that was better than either,—the contact day by day, almost hour by hour during all his years with a father who was a brother, an intimate personal friend, a fearless humanitarian and an optimist.

To make a living and be honest, to have time to enjoy the color and the scents of the country and the appreciation for the work of the great masters in Literature and Art and presently to marry for love and live for love and work for love: these were the ambitions of this so-called

unpractical young man, the poet who never wrote verse.

At twenty-one he met and married the girl whom he considered in his romantic way had been born to meet him and to love. It was good,—this romance that he took into his life and kept fresh and healthy. It was very good because it sent him home after long and disappointing hours in a newspaper office like a Crusader, to lay his lance at the foot of a shrine. It carried him through an atmosphere of concentrated cynicism and over the pavement of Fleet Street, which is the hardest in the world. It kept him with the heart of a child and gave him presently a very true and delightful understanding of the heart of his own child.

His wife, like all madonnas, was practical, and also like all madonnas she was not merely the wife of her husband, she was, in that indefinable way, also something of a mother to him. How well therefore she understood the sensitiveness, the inarticulateness, the curious alertness of the little young live thing with which she had been rewarded. A very refined and

beautiful girl, uncommonly endowed with many gifts, connected with several of the most distinguished families in England, it would have been easy for her to make a name for herself and a position, but she had faith and she was in love and she realized that there was no work so great as that of sending into the world a man who was her child, no position so lofty as that of motherhood, and so her home was her world.

The only servant who came into the days of this little boy was his mother, the only governess his mother and directly his intelligence became articulate it was not dwarfed, stunted and misled by a single lie. All his young hours and days were spent in the company of his mother and father and the fairies and he lisped his prayers at his mother's knees and grew up in the beautiful essential belief that God was not only very wonderful but that He loved little children and was the great universal Father; and when presently he asked the inevitable questions no stork stories were told him but he was awed, inspired and made large-eyed by being told that he was God's present to his

father and mother because they loved each other.

His toys were as carefully chosen as though they were gifted with speech and all of them were touched with the poetic fancy of his father's imagination. They were entities. They had feelings. Ill treatment would hurt them. He had animals which were not bizarre and far-fetched. They stood for something presently to be recognized and understood. Never was the word "don't" used in that little nursery. The word was "do." The boy was led to believe that he was a help and not a hindrance. He was taught to use his hands and his brain in little simple ways. He was taken to church and believed in the goodness of God as in that of his father and mother. He was taken into the country,—with what joy he recognized his animals. He was taught to know the notes of birds, the faces of the flowers, the glory of the setting sun and the beauty of the stars.

Always before him were set out very simply the facts that he too would one day be a man like his father, that work and not enjoyment was to be his lot, and that there was waiting

for him a niche in Westminster Abbey which it was for him to earn. He was kept very young but made old-fashioned in his ineradicable belief in God and duty. His little friends were chosen as carefully as his toys and they were to be treated with the same care and sympathy. He was brought up to treat girls with courtesy because they were softer and more delicate than boys. He was allowed to keep animals and pigeons and these it was his duty to feed. They were his and they looked to him.

And presently, without waiting for his questions, life-giving and life-bearing were explained technically, definitely, without hedging or false modesty, but always it was said that these gifts were divine gifts by the Grace of God. And when finally this boy was sent to school he did not go either in ignorance or with a morbid curiosity fostered by semi truths and misleading statements. He went knowing that such and such things were right and such and such things were wrong because they were unclean and Godless.

There was no mystery, no alluring veil hanging in front of his eyes. Children were the

[results of love between a man and a woman. They were carried by their mother and fed by her and motherhood was a wonderful and an exquisite thing. *He* had been carried by his mother and fed by her and he loved her for it and was grateful. One of these days it would be his turn to love a woman who was as much like his mother as he could find. He would treat her as his father had treated his mother. It was something to look forward to. It was his privilege as well as his duty himself to become a father when he was a man.

Old-fashioned? Yes. But old-fashioned enough to find no temptation, no allurements in dirty things and dirty talk, nor in deceit and lies. He was at school for a reason and both games and books had their uses. Romance and idealism, ambition, respect, discipline, self-control, honesty, they were all kept alive throughout the whole of his school days by his father and mother and between the ages of ten and seventeen he was given music, shown pictures, led into poetry, taken to Cathedrals. His soul as well as his brain was fed.

The chances are that this boy, who is now at

Oxford, will leave the world better than when he found it. At any rate the chances are that the moment will never come when he will not be able to look his father and mother in the eyes, and there are not very many better things than that. At any rate he will take eventually a clean body to a good girl and his children will be clean and they will have God in their lives.

Yes, his was indeed a lucky star.



VI

YOU are a man determined to face your responsibilities. You are not going to permit your boy to run amuck ignorantly through the many horrors of school life as you yourself did. You know the masters and their lack of understanding, their inability to throw off the conventions of their class. And so you ask the boy into your den two or three days before he goes to boarding school or to day school, as the case may be.

“Now, then, old chap,” you say, “come in and sit down. You and I are going to have a long yarn. I’m going to tell you things that you’re going to tell your boy when you’ve got one. You’re going out of the house, away from mother’s apron strings, to round one of the first big corners of your life. You’re going to find yourself not only up against new boys and new ideas, new games, new thoughts, new men and new masters, but the one person who will want more knowing and more watching

than any of them. I mean yourself. All these new things and new people will never be able to make a man of you unless you go to them determined to be a man. Bear this in mind always. You're my son and I believe in you. You're my son and I know that I can trust you never to do anything that will make me ashamed of the name you bear. You will meet all sorts of dirty little boys who, like those unclean pigs in the field, love to wallow in filth. You are going to be a man and not a hog, and when you come out of your school days you will come out clean. If any of these boys tries to get you to listen to his piggishness, hit him, and hit him hard. Don't report him, don't complain about him, but hit him. Never be ashamed to do at school what you've been taught to do at home, in fact, never be ashamed. Never mind whether they laugh or jeer. Say your prayers morning and night, as you do now. Wait until you've said them before you throw back the boot, and then throw it straight. Don't use cribs and don't tell lies to the masters. Work at your books as hard as you work at your games and be just as

ashamed of yourself at listening to unclean talk or permitting unclean thoughts as you would be if you cheated. Whenever you feel the ominous foreboding of priggishness, get up a row. If the boy is stronger than yourself, take a thrashing. One of these days you're going to be a man, my son. It isn't up to me to make you one, nor to your masters, nor to any of your friends. It's up to yourself. You may choose at once whether you will be a weakling, with filthy habits and slack muscles, or a better man than your father. Go one better than me. Carry the name on. Be a credit to your mother. Be able to look your sisters in the face. I put you on your honor as a gentleman. I don't say for a moment that you will get through without making mistakes. A boy who doesn't make mistakes doesn't make anything. But when you do make a mistake, and you'll know it, don't hide it. Come and tell me. I've made them, and I'm your friend. I'll help you. You're in training to be a man. Never forget it. You have big things to do, a big race to run in, big prizes to win. Be clean. Be honest. Be truthful. Come to me with all your troubles. Never

permit any boy you know to lower you to the level of a cad by undermining your belief in your mother, who represents all women and girls, or your faith in God, to whom, however confident and successful you may be, you most certainly will turn in all the big moments of your life. Is that a bargain? Then shake hands on it."

VII

LATER, this son of yours will be going up to Oxford or Cambridge, Harvard, Yale or Cornell, or to one of the other great universities,—always supposing that you have come to the conclusion that by doing so you will not be unfitting him for the job in which he must earn his living. It behooves you to weigh the question of a university career very carefully. Under existing conditions it is frequently a bad handicap to have been to a university. Say, however, that your son is going to Oxford. Catch him two or three days before he goes up. Run your arm through his and give him an hour. You will take him to your room again.

“Now, look here, old man,” you’ll say. “Let us be honest with each other. I’m not sending you to a Varsity because I want to buck about having a boy at Oxford. That’s one of the forms of feeble snobbishness that I don’t indulge in. Your mother and I are giving up

certain things so that we may give you a decent allowance. We shall like doing it because you're going to put in a jolly good time. We're going to let you have four years, during which you will make memories that will last you all your life. Oxford has been called the home of lost causes. Don't you go up to Oxford believing that. Seize every one of her inspirations. Take advantage of everything that she has to offer you in work and sport and finally don't sneak away from the old gates of your college and leave behind a sneer upon the faces of the gargoyles. Add your name to the long list of sons of whom Alma Mater may be proud. Don't play second fiddle. Whatever there is to win, win. Go bald-headed for everything. Get your blue for something or other and pass as high as you can in the schools. Always be an undergraduate, but never think it necessary to qualify for a cad. Don't be such an egregious ass as to permit the parasite tradespeople to run you into debt. That's what they're there for, and I shall have to pay. Don't think it's smart to conduct affairs with photographer's girls. In fact, cut girls out of your considera-

tion, especially when they are in the chorus. Don't sheepishly follow anybody's lead. They call you men at Oxford, you know. Live up to the designation. If you can save money, do. It will help me and your mother. Have nothing to do with poisonous people and don't argue about religion. Keep your faith and don't explain it. Don't become interested in what they call New Thought. Don't allow yourself to dally with new forms of flabbymindedness under high-sounding names. Permit yourself no sympathy with specious arguments in favor of the intermediate sex. Sport your oak against anything intermediate. Know men. Pray God to keep you normal, and whenever you find that your mind turns to thoughts of women, as it most certainly will, take hard exercise or go for your books for all you are worth. There is no truth whatever in the old idea that a young man cannot remain healthy by abstaining from sensualism. That is a feeble excuse long since punctured. And when you go to London, alone or with your friends, remember that the poor devil of a woman who is on hire may be the means of killing your wife and tainting your

children. Make it your business as well as your privilege to walk through all the things that tempt the feeble minded, like the man that you are. You will want to marry one of these days. Take to your wife everything that you demand of her. The eyes of two mothers are on you—those of your own and Alma Mater, and mine are on you, too, old man. Let my name stand higher than it does. If for one reason or another you over-run your allowance there is only one man to borrow from,—from your best pal, from me. Go and do the very best that's in you, and God bless you."

VIII

THERE seem to have been a hundred volumes written and a hundred theories thought out on the question of how to dodge telling the truth to young girls. The earnest people who have written and argued and who are well aware of the absolute necessity of giving their daughters the right knowledge of sex matters in order that they may preserve their virtue and eventually enter into marriage with a full sense of its responsibilities, seem to find it as difficult as the conventional mothers themselves.

Difficult, why? If there is anything to be ashamed of in wifehood and motherhood the best way of proving it is to treat the whole matter as though it were an unspeakably indelicate thing. To my mind young girls should be brought to realize the beauty and importance of motherhood from the very moment that they are old enough to put their dolls in a small perambulator and tuck them into bed at night.

One hears callous remarks by men and women to the effect that there isn't much that you can teach young girls. It seems to be generally supposed that the one topic of conversation in girls' schools is the sex question. If this is true then it is all the more important and necessary that young girls should be taken seriously by their parents before being sent to school. I can conceive nothing more easy and no way better for a mother to establish herself in her daughter's eyes as a triumphant person than to tell precisely how her child came to be born.

Conceive the different point of view with which a young girl would go out into the broader world of school life if she were imbued and inspired with the honest, fearless and proud truth as to her capabilities. Why, from that moment this little girl would look on everything with different eyes. Here and there, of course, there would be a child so sensitive or so unbalanced as to be appalled with the responsibilities that faced her and there might be one or two per cent in whom curiosity would be aroused unhealthily. There is, however, nothing so fatal as to truckle to minorities or to re-

organize any obviously good scheme because of the exceptions to the rule. The skeptic is like the house-breaker. He delights in ruins. Even the most callous must, if they are honest, agree to my contention that human nature prefers good to evil and will always, as it has always, come out better under inspiration and trust than under disbelief and suspicion.

Once a little girl has been taken into the confidence of her mother she naturally goes through life with a high head and a delightful sense of her own importance. Instinctively and intuitively, now being well aware of the great fact that she, too, is in all probability a prospective mother, she prepares herself for wifehood. She is told, of course, not to permit herself to be cheapened by promiscuous flirtation, and as she grows up the sense of responsibility deepens and, there being no longer any shyness or nastiness or dim romanticism about the relations of young men and women, she is able to stand side by side with male friends in a perfectly charming companionable and refreshing manner. She begins to know how to divide the clean from the unclean, the men who mean

well by her and those who do not. Her thoughts are never tantalized by the vague, uneasy questionings of those poor girls who have found out something of sexual matters from whispered conversations and the reading of forbidden books. She is able to go through her days with a mind free from unhealthy thoughts, and when the subject of marriage crops up it is not one about which she will snigger, nor will it ever become a mere excuse to remove her from the perhaps monotonous atmosphere of home life, a means, easily broken if unpleasant, of having a good time in a gayer town.

A girl who has been rightly treated will not ever lead men on into dangerous and humiliating positions, either from ignorance or from mischief, nor will this girl, having far too much respect for herself, ape demi-mondaines in her manner of dancing. Her mother will have gone into all those things with her and self-respect will be the keynote of this girl's temperament. She must have self-respect. She is worth respecting. She has it in her to be the mother of a hero. Posterity looks to her for its sons. She has never been told of her

capabilities and potentialities by cowardly people who are afraid to do more than draw analogies between human life-bearing and that of plants and animals. She has had the truth, the whole, simple truth, from the beginning. She appreciates the miracle that God has perpetuated in His children. It is wonderful and beautiful, and her point of view in regard to men is fastidious. The man who is to be the father of her children must be worthy. He, like herself, must enter into matrimony not as a pastime, an adventure, or an experiment, but for love, and be imbued with the nobility of the union which, being blessed by God, is not to be broken for a whim, or sacrificed to a caprice.

If the present generation of mothers could find in their hearts enough courage and honesty to deal with their daughters in this way, the anxiety of the advanced eugenists would be at an end. It would be an odd thing to go out one morning into the streets of London and New York and look in vain for all the simpering, ogling, over-dressed girls with paint on their faces and patches under their eyes and

clothes so exaggeratedly foolish as to make them resemble the merchant women of the French cabaret. It would also be very odd to go into the clubs of the large cities of England and America and find a race of young men, clean and well set up and muscular, in whose conversation there was very little or nothing of woman and brothels. This is no empty possibility. It is easily brought about and the sneers of blear-eyed experts of self-indulgence as to there then being a race of prigs might very easily be passed unnoticed.

A sense of responsibility never yet made a prig.

IX

YOU will notice that, after all, I have almost ignored the teacher, the doctor and the professor in my attempts to make a plea for the younger generation. I have left the teaching of the young to those who have the greatest right to speak to and to inspire young boys and girls—I mean their parents. There is nothing so hopeless, so disheartening, or so abominable, as the generally accepted belief that parents do not possess the ability, the common sense or the desire to deal with their children first hand. There is far too much interference between the child and his parent. I believe that in a great number of cases fathers and mothers do not deal honestly by their children because they do not know how to do so and not because they are devoid of a sense of responsibility. Men are too self-conscious to take their sons into their confidence and talk to them as they would talk to their friends, women too nervous and too con-

ventional and perhaps a little too distrustful to be able to disclose the great secret to their little girls.

My idea is, then, that before teachers and professors and doctors and eugenists go to the children they should go to the parents. Let them educate the parents. Let them point out to the parents the terrors of ignorance, the criminality of false modesty. Don't let these people imagine that they can, however wise, however earnest they may be, take the place of parents in the estimation of the younger generation. They cannot.

Parents are, of course, as much in need of instruction as are children, and it seems to me that the man who is to instruct parents is not the teacher, but the doctor, the family doctor. And after the doctor, or rather side by side with the doctor, the clergyman and the priest. Conceive what power these men possess if only they choose to wield it. If doctors were to think less of etiquette and more of humanity, and clergymen less of ritual and more of God, eugenists might turn their attention to stamp-collecting or chess.

Do not for a moment suppose, however, that nothing is expected of the teacher, himself a person sadly in need of instruction. It is the teacher, as a matter of fact, upon whom I am going to concentrate at this moment.

It is a truism to say that ninety-nine per cent of the teachers, as we have them, are better fitted to any other profession than the one in which they find themselves. Fundamentally, this is due to the fact that they are very badly underpaid and in consequence are drawn from the wrong class. Teaching is regarded as a tenth-rate profession, as the last resource. It is, of course, a vocation, one of the noblest and most vital of all vocations. Teachers should to-day be required to possess the ability to unwind themselves from the web of ingeniously systematized red tape in which the educational scheme entangled them. That feat in itself would be enough to prove high capacity.

It should be required of the teacher that he is much more than a cog in an over-complicated machine,—one that resembles nothing so much as that foolish machine in pantomimes which

turns out sausages in long, similar strings. He should be asked to have an eye more for the character and temperament of his charges than for the examination results of their forcible brain-feeding. He, in a word, should be the man who, in close touch with parents, makes it his duty and his business to discover the type of work best suited to each boy in his class. Surely there is no man who is better able to put his boys on the right road than the one who sees them daily in work and play.

I am all for the appointment of a professor of character in schools and colleges, a man of wide sympathies and much imagination, who shall do nothing but hold a watching brief for parents, who shall spend all his time observing closely, using the arts of his personality to gain the confidence, the esteem and the friendship of the boys and the young men who pass under his hands. He need not be a person of great scholasticism. It would be far better were he not. But he must be a genial, cheery, simple-minded, manly fellow of sporting proclivities and the right way with him. He would be a character-former and a character-discoverer.

He would catch boys on the hop, so to speak, and he would lift out an infinite number of square pegs from the round holes into which unthinking parents had placed them. He would, in a word, supply the much-needed human note in our mostly inhuman schools and colleges.

Like Doctor Arnold and the one or two other great men whose names flame like beacons in the history of schools, he would fire men with ambition, guide them into the paths for which they were temperamentally suited and keep in touch with them when they had passed out. He would often stand in loco parentis to those men who were fatherless and come between those fathers who were pig-headedly determined to force their sons into professions in which they must inevitably fail. For the creatures, the poisonous creatures who belong to what is now called the intermediate sex, but for whom there is a much shorter word, these Professors of Character would have no mercy. They would be too strong and too fearless, too straight and too honest to permit the headmasters of schools and colleges to turn a blind eye upon the degeneracy which at present un-

dermines so many of the public schools in England, which is putting a great stain upon the face of the Alma Maters of Oxford and Cambridge. It is time that some such men as these be appointed to see that the younger generation shall have the chance that it deserves.

All the future is in the hands of the younger generation and the first duty of all of us who take the trouble to look beyond to-day is to see that those hands are clean and strong and that they shall be simple enough to work for the glory of God.

"God hath given to man a short time upon earth and yet upon this short time Eternity depends."

X

YOU clergymen, scientists and good people, who each in your own way are trying to do your best for the younger generation—you have probably been saying in your minds, “Why do you, a playwright, a novelist, a journalist and man of the world turn aside to instruct us in the carrying out of our particular work?”

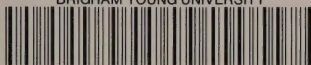
There is just one reason. I, in my own intimate circle, have watched the tragedy of half-truths when they are told to children. In the disclosing of the great mystery of birth to a child's poetic mind, half-truths spell danger. God must be made responsible from the first.—If I have spoken with an anger and forcefulness which have hurt, you must forgive me—it is anger for the tragedy which cut short the life of one who was very dear to me.

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